

Out of the Blue

Chapter 12 – Angelic.

DISCLAIMER: Buffy the Vampire Slayer belongs to Joss Whedon, and Harry Potter to J.K. Rowling. I don't own anything. This story is based on characters and situations created and owned by JK Rowling, Joss Whedon, various publishers including, but not limited to, Bloomsbury Books, Scholastic Books and Raincoast Books, Warner Bros., Inc., UPN, and 20th century Fox. No money is being made and no copyright or trademark infringement is intended.

RATING: PG-13 (T) to R (M).

TIMELINE: Takes place after season two in BTVS, and during the marauders last year at Hogwarts.

SUMMARY: BTVS/HP crossover. Life had never been kind to Buffy Summers, and she thought she had earned a break. Boy, was she wrong. Stuck in another dimension, with no way back, Buffy must learn to leave her past behind her, and look to the future: New friends, new enemies and new relationships is just the beginning of what will prove to be the longest journey and perhaps the biggest trial of her life.

CENTRAL PAIRING: Buffy/Remus

OTHER PAIRINGS: James/Lily, Sirius/OC

"Sirius," Peter huffed, half-running to catch up his friend, leaving the statue of the humpbacked witch, and the secret passage which lead to Hogsmeade, behind. "Can you carry some of this? The bottles are heavy!"

Sirius rolled his eyes. "Use a spell," he said dismissively. "You are a wizard, aren't you, Wormtail?"

"Can't you do it for me?" Peter whined. "I have my arms full, I can't reach my wand! Besides, I'm not very good at charms..." he added timidly.

"You're not very good at spells, period," Sirius corrected, stopping to peek around a corner. "Check the map, will you? I thought I heard footsteps..."

"It's in my pocket," Peter sing-songed, pushing a way the sting of hurt he had felt at Sirius' comment. "Which I can't reach, because *someone* is having me carry all the firewhiskey by myself! And that was a hint, if you didn't catch it." His eyes widened as he felt the boxes with alcohol start to slip from his grip.

"Help!" He squeaked, fumbling desperately with his hands, trying to get a better grip. The invisibility cloak slipped off the containers, falling onto the floor. Sirius rolled his eyes and picked it up, watching Peter in interest. The boy stumbled slightly, sweat glistening on his forehead, and the boxes wobbled back and forth in his arms dangerously. With a movement that was decidedly acrobatic, the chubby boy finally regained control over his burden and he let out a sigh of relief.

"Finally," Sirius said, covering the whiskey once again with the invisibility cloak. He clapped Peter on the back. "Let's get going – I'm thirsty." He smirked, rounding the corner, and froze, his smirk dying, as he found himself face to face with professor

McGonagall. Behind him, Peter looked close to fainting, his face filled with terror, as if the Deputy Headmistress was the incarnation of all things evil.

"Minnie!" Sirius got out, his voice rather high. "What a...pleasant surprise!" He plastered on a shaky smile. "What are you up to, wandering the corridors at this late hour?"

McGonagall crossed her arms, giving Sirius a look that could kill. "I could ask you the same question," she said, her voice frosty.

"Well, you see, it's a rather funny story, actually," Sirius said, smiling in what he hoped was a charming way, while twiddling his thumbs. "Why don't you tell her, Pete?" He took a few steps backwards, grabbing the other boy and pushing him towards the Transfiguration Professor.

He shouldn't have done that.

In shocked surprise, Peter lost his balance – and also his grip on the containers. The boxes fell to the floor with a loud crash as they broke, the bottles rolling out.

McGonagall's jaw dropped as she stared from the alcohol, to Peter, and back to the alcohol. "Well, I've never – " Was the only thing she got out, her face becoming redder and redder, and her eyes shooting lightning at a shaking Peter.

Sirius, grateful for the fact that his Head of House seemed to be completely focused on Wormtail at the moment, fished up the invisibility cloak that had once again slipped off, and smoothly stuffed it inside his robes, hiding it from view, McGonagall completely unaware it had even existed.

He then put on his best angelic face, right on time, as the professor turned her rage to Sirius. "Mr Black," she said, "and mr Pettigrew. I am terribly disappointed in you both! Smuggling alcohol into the school! Breaking curfew! Sneaking into Hogsmeade unallowed! Making a ruckus in the corridors!"

"It's not like we haven't done worse," Sirius said, blinking innocently.

"Oh, please, do tell," McGonagall continued dryly. "Detention, both of you, with Filch! I believe the castle is filled with toilets in need of a good scrubbing – you only did the dungeons last time, if I remember correctly, mr Black," she said, flicking her wand, the bottles floating upwards. "And I will be confiscating these," she finished.

Sirius snorted, not in the least looking forward to another meeting with smelly lavatories and urinals. "I bet you're planning on drinking them yourself," he muttered.

"And that is another detention for you, mr Black," McGonagall said, her lips thin. "Now, come on. I will walk you back to Gryffindor tower. I don't trust you two to find your way back without a guide."

She spun around on her heel, Sirius following, grumbling slightly, with Peter beside him, feeling thoroughly chastised, his head hanging.

"Are you sure you don't want to stay?"

Angel shook his head, sighing. "Yes. There's nothing here for me now." He turned to Willow. "Be sure to let me know if Buffy returns."

"Sure," Willow said, nodding. "Take care, Angel."

"Well," Xander said, grasping Angel's hand and shaking it enthusiastically. "Good luck in LA. I'll miss you. Not. But, you know. It's nice you survived hell and all."

He and the other Scoobies had been very shocked when they'd found him, alive (well, considering he was of the undead, he wasn't alive, but he wasn't *more* dead than before), roaming the forest, and pretty much crazy. At first, they'd been confused, and thought the re-ensouling spell had worked in time; that Buffy hadn't had to kill him to stop the world from ending. They'd figured Angel just had trouble dealing with having his soul returned to him again, after the evil deeds he'd done this time around.

They were also pretty much sure he'd been with Buffy, and that he would be able to tell them where she was, to their excitement and joy, and they'd done their best to nurse him back to health and help him become lucid again. But when he'd regained his sanity (slowly, but surely), they were all disappointed. According to Angel, Buffy *had* killed him and sent him to hell – something that would drive even the sanest person mad.

But anyway, Angel was back among the living and living dead, for some unfathomable reason, and just as bewildered as the rest of them about Buffy's disappearance. And now, he was leaving Sunnydale for LA, from where he would keep searching. After all, why stay in Sunnydale if Buffy weren't around? Faith and the rest of the Scoobies were perfectly capable of keeping evil at bay on their own.

"You're always so civil, Xander," Angel said, rolling his eyes and turning to Giles. "If you need my help, give me a call, alright? You have my cell-phone number?"

"Yes," Giles assured him.

"Not that any of you know how to use one," Xander muttered, earning himself a glare from the Watcher and the vampire.

"Good luck with your...uh...detective firm," Faith said. "It was a detective-firm you were going to start, right?"

"Yes. Angel Investigations," Angel answered, sticking out his chest rather proudly.

"Right. Good luck with that," Faith said, clapping him on the back. "Nice to meet you, by the way."

"Say hello to the big city from me," Cordelia said, sighing dreamily. "You know, when I'm a big star and famous - "

" – No one cares, Cor," Xander said affectionately, putting his arm around the brunette, who pouted slightly.

Angel stepped into his newly purchased car, running his hands over the steering wheel lovingly, and starting the engine, driving away in the night.

He sighed, pushing the play-button, and the voice of Barry Manilow streamed out of the speakers.

"*Well, you came and you gave without taking,*" Angel sang falsely, nodding along with the music. "*But I sent you away, oh Mandy. Well, you kissed me and stopped me from shaking...*"

He sighed, turning off the car-stereo, not in the mood of listening. "What are you doing right now, Buffy?" He wondered out loud.

Buffy put down her wand, staring at the pile of cups in front of her, a pleased look on her face. "So, what do you say, professor?" She asked. "According to me, this deserves a grade of the highest-level."

Remus inspected the cups critically, pretending to think. "Hmm...I don't know...this one still has a tail...and I swear that cup just blinked at me."

"Oh, come on!" Buffy exclaimed, pouting. "Give me a break! Do you have any idea how disturbing it is for me to transfigure mice into chinaware? I think I should get an O just for effort."

Remus grinned, picking up a transfigured cup that had been on its way to scurry off the table. "Fine, we can take a break. Some of these cups are perfect. Personally, I like the one with the stake on it."

"I knew you would!" Buffy beamed. "Lily taught me some decorating charms yesterday, so I thought, why not show off a bit?"

"Alright," Remus conceded, snickering. "It's an O, for effort and dedication. *If* you manage to turn the cups back," he finished.

Buffy blinked. "Turn them back?" She asked stupidly.

"Yes," Remus said promptly. "If I was a mouse, I wouldn't want to be stuck as a cup for the rest of my life. The risk of breaking is so much higher."

"Damn," Buffy sighed. "Oh, well." She rolled up the arms on her sweater and took a deep breath. "Here we go..."

James cocked his head to the side, staring at Lily, who was sitting in one of the comfortable armchairs in the Gryffindor common room with a book.

In the light from the sparkling fire, her hair was even more enchanting than usual. Her face was the very picture of intense concentration, as she read. The Head Boy suddenly got a mischievous look in his eye, and he sneaked forward, grabbing the book and pulling it out of Lily's grasp and out of reach.

Lily looked up, surprised, and James smirked, pleased he had gotten her attention. Lily, however, was not. "James Harold Potter, if you don't give me that book right this instant, I will hex you so bad you will wish you were never born!" she said, glaring at the hazel-eyed boy, who pouted childishly.

"But Lily," he whined. "I'm bored!"

Lily rolled her eyes. "Why don't you spend some time with Sirius instead of annoying those who are actually trying to do something constructive with our time?" She asked, taking her book back and placing it in her lap. "I think he's been feeling rather neglected, lately," she added, thoughtfully.

"He's in detention," James murmured, sighing.

Lily stared at him. *"Again?"* She exclaimed, her book forgotten for the moment. *"What did he do this time?"*

"He and Peter were caught out of bed on their way back from Hogsmeade last night."

"Hogsmeade?" Lily repeated out loud, incredulously. *"They sneaked out to Hogsmeade? What were they doing there?"*

James winced, scratching the back of his head sheepishly. *"Getting some firewhisky,"* he said.

Lily rolled her eyes again. *"Why do I even bother asking, when the answer is always the obvious?"* She muttered to herself, before continuing: *"Why weren't they wearing your invisibility cloak?"*

"Yeah...they used that to cover the alcohol with," James explained, fidgeting slightly.

Lily snorted. *"Why not just use an invisibility-charm?"* She wondered, actually rather curious.

James eyebrows hit his hairline. *"Oh. They probably didn't think of that..."* He smirked suddenly. *"Lily, dear, it almost sounds as if your sorry they got caught. And, you're giving us pointers on how to get better at breaking rules. Are you going soft?"* He was pleased to see this made her blush.

"No," Lily said, sniffing slightly, cheeks red. *"I'm not. And I'm not encouraging you, either."* She glared. *"And don't call me dear."*

"Well, what do you want me to call you then?" James waggled his eyebrows. *"Sweetums?"*

Lily let out a strangled sound of disgust. *"Oh, Merlin no!"* She said, her face taking on an interesting shade of green. She shuddered. *"That sounds like something my sister would say."*

September 22

A dark figure, covered in a heavy cloak that was hiding the face from view, carefully walked up to a house, knocking quickly and looking around nervously, as if expecting someone to appear out of nowhere...

"Eliza! Mon dieu!" The door opened, revealing a woman in her early twenties. *"Mon chéri, where have you been? Do you have any idea how concerned I was when I heard you were missing? Why didn't you arrive at school? It's been days Weeks even!"*

"Audrey, please," Eliza begged of her friend. *"I can't tell you. I just...had to get away."*

"Had to get away?" Audrey asked incredulously. *"I thought your father would have a heart attack, he was so upset! Vous avez été très vilain! You can't just take off with no reason!"*

"It's...hard to explain," Eliza said quietly. *"Can I borrow your fireplace?"*

Audrey took in the look of her friend. Eliza was soaked with water, and her teeth were clattering.

"Of course," she said, sighing. "Just let me floo your father first."

" – No!" Eliza said quickly. "Please, don't."

"But you must let him know you're alright," Audrey said, frowning. "Il est très inquieté."

Eliza took a deep breath. "I don't want my father to know where I am, or where I will be. It's very important that he doesn't find out. I'm begging you. Please. Trust me."

"But..."

"No! Swear you won't tell him!"

Audrey licked her lips, feeling uncomfortable. Finally she sighed in resignation.

"Alright. I swear. Je promets. Come inside, you must be freezing...it's one hell of a storm out there."

Eliza smiled weakly, following Audrey into the living room.

"How's your work going?" She wondered.

Audrey grimaced. "Oh, you know. Going." She sighed. "I miss Beauxbatons. The years there were the best of my life. Un endroit merveilleux!" She glanced at Eliza uncertainly. "Are you sure you don't want me to contact your father?"

Eliza looked her straight in the eyes, grabbing a handful of floo-powder. "I don't have a father," she said, eyes dark and serious. "Je le déteste."

Audrey blinked, now mightily confused. "Eliza...surely you can't mean that...?"

"Oh, I mean every word," Eliza muttered.

"But...what did he do?" Audrey asked weakly. "Did he...hurt you, somehow?"

"You have no idea," Eliza muttered, throwing the powder into the flames. "HOGWARTS SCHOOL OF WITCHCRAFT AND WIZARDRY!"

"She's spacing off again," Sirius noted, nodding towards the transfer student, who was staring at nothing, eyes glassed over.

"You have been observing her, I see," James said absently, far more interested in Eliza's bench-mate – a certain Head Girl. He sighed dreamily, his eyes glued at her red hair, which was blowing softly in the breeze from the open window.

In the front of the classroom, the DADA-professor was droning on about something completely unnessecary. Even Remus, the by-all-proclaimed DADA-maniac, was looking bored: Instead of listening, he was passing messages to Buffy, on the parchment he was supposed to be used for note-taking. Something he'd written had the Slayer slap her hand in front of her mouth to cover up a giggle, with mixed success, as a weird sound still escaped her.

"Remus!" Sirius heard her say. "That's so mean." She cast a quick glance towards the professor.

Remus smirked, looking rather satisfied. "But true."

Buffy grinned, and Sirius watched her scribble something back on the parchment, that had Remus laugh out loud, which earned him a glare from the professor.

"Hello?" James asked, having pulled his eyes away from the green-eyed beauty, nudging Sirius lightly.

"Huh?"

James smirked. "You're not denying my claim," he sing-songed.

Sirius blinked in confusion. "No?"

James let an eyebrow rise.

"I mean, yes, I am," Sirius corrected himself. "Denying." He frowned. "Or, to be honest, no, I'm not. But she's hot as hell," Sirius defended himself. "Besides, don't you think it's strange? The way she's always staring into space?"

"And that's coming from the current regent of strangeness," James said, grinning.

"I'm not insane," Sirius whispered, protesting. "I'm unique""

James smirked. "Whatever you say, Padfoot...And shut up – she's watching us."

Sirius slowly turned to the right, noticing that the new girl was indeed watching them, her gaze bright, a deep pool of...darkness? Uncertainty? ...Fear? He shuddered slightly, averting his eyes, and focusing on the professor instead. But through the rest of the lesson, he couldn't help but glance at Eliza one more time, finding that, once again, she was staring straight ahead, caught in something only she could see...

Rough translation:

Mon dieu! – My God!

Mon chéri! – My darling!

Vous avez été très vilain! – You have been very naughty!

Il est très inquieté. – He is very worried.

Je promets – I promise.

Un endroit merveilleux! – A marvelous place!

Je le déteste. – I hate him.